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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Some big Great
The trial was ended, the vigil past.
All clad in his arms was the knight at last,
The goodliest knight in the whole wide
land.
With face that shone with a purpose
grand,
The king looked on him with gracious
eyes.
And said: "He is meet for some high
enterprise."
To himself he thought: "I will conquer
fate.
I will surely die or do something great."

So from the palace he rode away;
There was trouble and need in the town
that day;
A child had strayed from his mother's side
into the woodland dark and wide.
"Help!" cried the mother, with sorrow
wild,
"Help me, sir knight, to seek my child;
The hungry wolves in the forest roar;
Help me to bring my lost one home!"

He shook her hand from his bridle rein.
"Alas poor mother, you ask in vain,
Some nearer succor will do, maybe,
Some squire or varlet of low degree.
There are mighty wrongs in the world to
right.
I keep my sword for a noble fight.
I am sad at heart for baby's fate,
But I ride in haste to do something great."

One wintry night, when the sun was set,
A blind old man by the way he met;
"Now, good sir knight, for our lady's sake,
On a sightless wanderer pity take!
The wind blows cold and the sun is down,
Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town."
"Nay," said the knight; I cannot wait;
I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode in his armor bright,
His sword all kept for the longed-for fight.
"Laugh with us, laugh," cried the merry
crowd.
"Oh weep!" wailed others with sorrow
bowed.
"Help us!" the weak and weary prayed,
But for joy, nor grief, nor need he stayed.
And the years rolled on and his eyes grew
dim,
And he died—and none made moan for
him.

He missed the good that he might have
done.
He missed the blessing he might have won.
Seeking some glorious task to find,
His eyes to all humbler work were blind.
He that is faithful in that which is least
Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast,
Yet men and women lament their fate,
If they be not called to do something great.
—Selected.

Emir's Return

One of the horses that William and Nancy Rockhill brought with them when they emigrated from Maryland to Indiana and from there to Illinois was Emir, a beautiful chestnut three-year-old. His dam, a favorite horse of Nancy's grandfather, Colonel Wylie, of Oak Crest, Maryland, had died when he was only a few old, and the colonel had given him to Nancy as a mark of special favor. She herself cared for the little orphan colt and he remained faithful to her as long as he lived.

Emir had a strain of Arab blood; he was a descendant of Ayesha, a thoroughbred mare with a track record, that Colonel Wylie owned in the gay, horse-racing days that preceded the Revolutionary War. His handsome head, arched neck and well-formed legs gave dignity and grace even to the labors to which the Rockhills were compelled to put him. Admirers of the horse made large offers for him, but he became so much a part of the family that the Rockhills, although they would have been able to use the money to good advantage, could not bring themselves to part with him.

In those early days horse thieves plied their trade with great impunity in the Middle West. That Emir escaped them so long was probably owing to the fact that the Rockhills settled on land in Illinois that was far from other settlers and that strangers seldom frequented. The principal events of the year were the two trips that they made, one in the spring and the other on the autumn, to the nearest mill and trading post, at Attica, on the Wabash River, Indiana. There they bartered their produce for household and farm necessities and had their grain ground for their flour supply of the next six months.

They had never driven Emir to Attica until the autumn of 1836, when a distemper made all the horses except the chestnut and one other unfit to draw a load so great a distance. Of course Emir excited general admiration among the people at the mill and at the trading post. William Rockhill's vanity was gratified to have the horse praised and it gave him something pleasant to relate to his wife, who had been unable to go with him.

One morning toward the last of November, a few weeks after he had returned, Emir was missing from the stable. There was only one conclusion to draw: the horse had been stolen. Fortune had favored the thief; a light fall of snow had completely covered all tracks and made it impossible for anyone to follow his trail.

That day and many days that followed were sad ones for the entire family. William Rockhill rode scores of miles to make inquiries, but he could find no trace of the thief. In those days horse thieves usually joined forces and formed well organized gangs, the members of which by acting in unison could place a horse beyond recovery in a very short time. The various members of the gangs lived perhaps a night's ride apart in a co rose across the country. By riding a stolen horse only at night the thief could easily get away from the zone of danger. During the day he always kept in hiding at one of the coverts on the course.

The Rockhill children greatly mourned the loss of the gentle friend on whose back they had learned to ride. Though their mother did not show her feeling, she probably felt the loss the most keenly of them all, for she had taken care of Emir when he was a colt and had trained him to the saddle. Moreover, his loss was the breaking of another bond that connected her with her dear old home in Maryland. Once her husband awoke in the night and found her sitting in front of the fire, with a shawl over her head to muffle the soots that for the sake of her family she had kept back during the day.

Feeling their way, they started toward the leeward side of the house. Suddenly Nancy grasped her husband's arm. From the west, borne on the hurrying wind, came the faint neigh of a horse.

"It is Emir!" Nancy cried exultantly.

"It surely is a horse," said William, "but I don't think that it can be Emir."

"O William, it is! I know his neigh too well! There it is again!"

"But if it is Emir, why doesn't he come to the house?" asked William after listening a moment. "He must be alone; no thief would come so near the house with him."

"The sound comes from the river," she said anxiously. "He may have tried to cross on the ice and broken through. I'm going to get him."

Heavy snows came in the first week of December that year, and a fortnight of cold weather followed.

On Sunday morning, the eighteenth of the month, the weather began to moderate; by noon it was unseasonably warm, and the snow had begun to melt rapidly. The springlike temperature continued throughout Monday, and early on Tuesday morning it began to rain. By three o'clock in the afternoon, when the rain ceased, everything was soaked with water.

The snow that still remained unmelted had mixed with the rain water and had formed a slush that covered the ground several inches deep. The river that flowed through the Rockhill land had overflowed its western bank, and spread out across a slough that covered a wide expanse of land on the side opposite the house. From a sluggish prairie stream the river had become a rushing torrent.

For perhaps half an hour after the rain ceased to fall the air was almost balmy, more suggestive of early spring than of winter. Then an ominous black cloud suddenly appeared in the west and advanced rapidly. As it came it spread out over the sky and turned the winter twilight into darkness. It brought wind, and the roar of it became louder and louder. The full force of the blast struck with a suddenness that was overwhelming. The icy gusts congealed every particle of moisture in the air. In a few minutes the temperature fell from above freezing to several degrees below zero. As if by magic the water and slush that covered the ground became a sheet of ice.

That evening when William Rockhill came into the house after caring for the stock he said that the ice was thick enough to bear a horse. He had been out in the rain earlier in the day, and now his greatcoat was as stiff as a board, and he had to stand in front of the fire before he could get out of it.

The wind was almost a hurricane now; it shrieked round the little log house at the edge of the timber, roared in the chimney and searched out every crevice to pour in its icy blasts. At the end of the room farthest from the fire the air was freezing cold.

After supper, which for the sake of comfort was eaten on the hearth in the front of the fire, the two older children brought out nuts to crack, and their father drew up the home-made high backed settle, in which he and his wife could sit with comparative comfort, for they faced a roaring fire, and their backs were protected against the cold in the rear of the room.

They were sitting there talking to each other and listening to the shrill

cry of the wind when suddenly Nancy sprang to her feet with a look of astonishment.

"Listen!" she cried. "I heard Emir neigh!" "Probably it was one of the horses in the stable," replied her husband soothingly, for he understood how much she had grieved over the loss of Emir.

"No! I know it was Emir. There it is again!" she exclaimed.

"I don't hear anything except the wind," William said after he had listened for a few moments.

Without waiting to say more, Nancy threw a shawl round her shoulders and started toward the door.

"Wait a minute," said her husband, and, leaving his seat, he took down his own coat and his wife's. "If you feel that way about it, I'll go with you. But first you must wrap up."

She put on her coat and turned to the door; and her husband, after pausing to tell the children that they would return in a few minutes, followed her out into the icy blackness.

They stood a moment just outside, thinking that they should be able to see better when their eyes became accustomed to the change from the lighted room; but not a star could they see in the overcast sky.

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William Rockhill knew what to do. He took his knife from his pocket, cut a stout willow switch and handed it to his wife. Then he cut away the buttons from the boy's stiffly frozen greatcoat and pulled the garment off. He lifted the boy to his feet, told Nancy not to spare the whip and, half carrying, half dragging the lad, started back toward the river. Behind him came Nancy, wielding the switch against the boy's back. Behind her came Emir with his nose almost against her shoulder. At first the boy scarcely felt the sharp cuts of the whip, and his only protest was a torpid, "Leave me alone." But when his blood began to circulate more freely he became more vehement.

By the time they had crossed the stream and had gained the shelter of the woods he was alternately shrieking in anger and begging for mercy. Presently he even began to take stumbling steps. At last the strange procession reached the house. The children had heard them coming and had rushed to the door, where they stood in a shivering group silhouetted against the light from the fireplace.

All of the skill in pioneer nursing for which Nancy Rockhill was justly famed, was exercised during the next few days in saving the boy's life and limbs. Slowly under her constant care he recovered from the effects of the terrible exposure.

He had seen Emir when William Rockhill drove to the trading post and a short time later had been induced to steal the horse. He had run under cover to St. Louis, but either he had conceived a genuine admiration for Emir and dreaded to turn him over to an unknown master or those nights that he had spent in lonely riding from one covert to the next had worked a change in his character. Instead of turning the horse over to the gang at St. Louis, he determined to return him to the rightful owner. Riding by night again and by day hiding in the deep woods, he had worked his way back to the north, and had almost reached his destination when, exhausted and half frozen, he slipped from the saddle.

Meanwhile Nancy, watching expectantly for each flash of the light, forgot about the horse in her anxiety for her husband; and as he advanced farther and farther across the stream her alarm increased. His shout of triumph startled her; she could hardly believe that he had not broken through the ice, until he came hurrying back and shouted that the stream

which a few hours before had been a swollen current, was now safely frozen over.

They crossed together, and, guided by the insistent neighing of the horse, which had not ceased his clamor since he first spied the light, they slowly advanced across the slough. The wind buffeted them mercilessly, and they stumbled through the branches of partly submerged willow, but at last they distinguished a dim light directly ahead.

William raised the lantern, and, peering into the darkness, they saw the horse. It was Emir, standing with eyes and nostrils dilated in anticipation. He was waiting for them! Though he had not broken through the surface, the pulverized ice that he had pawed up with his iron-shod hoofs lay round him like a bank of freshly fallen snow.

With a low cry of delight Nancy rushed to him and flung her arms impulsively round him, and Emir at once arched his neck and gently nibbled her hood in a manner that plainly expressed his affection.

Nancy was so busy telling Emir how much she had missed him that at first she did not see why he was staying in the spot where he had pawed the ice. But by the light of the lantern William had seen a dark huddled mass partly covered with ice flakes lying a few feet away. He bent down to examine it more closely and discovered that it was the body of a man who had evidently been overcome with cold and fallen from his saddle. Emir, gentleman that he was, had been too faithful to shirk the trust even of an unknown rider, and had stood by.

William's exclamation of astonishment at his discovery attracted Nancy's attention. She ran to him just as he was holding the light to see the rider's face. It was that of a boy who could not be more than eighteen years old. William shook him, and the boy opened his eyes, stared plunkly a moment and then closed them. "Leave me alone," he muttered.

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friends or relatives. He was "bound out" to a carpenter who treated him brutally, and at the age of fourteen he ran away. Since then he had been wandering from place to place. The previous autumn he had been working in the mill at Attica, where he had struck up an unfortunate acquaintance with a member of a horse-stealing gang that operated across Illinois to St. Louis.

Frank Held made a good man. For several years he lived at the Rockhills'; then he married and bought a farm of his own, and to-day his grandchildren and great-grandchildren are among the most respected people in Champaign County.

In the histories of Illinois many accounts are given of the sudden change of December 20, 1836; but to the Rockhill family it was always known as the day when Emir, their pride and pet, returned to his home.

The Ichneumon

Few persons who live outside the tropics know that the cat has such a serpent-like member in its family as the ichneumon, which also is called the Egyptian mongoose and Pharaoh's rat. Its coat is a tawny gray, stiff, harsh hair, which covers not only its twenty inches of body but its half yard of tail. Its legs are reddish brown, its tiny feet black. Its movements are snake-like and lithe. Its eyes are small, brilliant and glowing at night. Its hearing is said to be quite dull. Living in holes in the ground and crevices of rocks, it has little use for that sense, since, like our own fireside pussy, it has whiskers, or feelers, that convey to the brain the least touch.

The ichneumon is extremely clean. After each meal it makes a complete toilet by the aid of its tiny, red tongue. With this ever-ready wash cloth it smooths out the tangles upon one kitten's head, washes the neck of another, and gives an investigating lick behind the ear of a third, and finally, with half-closed eyes, resigned itself to repose.

The ichneumon is playful, and sports with its companions, springing gracefully, with its bark arched and long tail waving. If its curiosity is aroused it paws over an object, tapping it gently, inquiringly. Then, jumping into the air, it comes down upon the bit of stone or the beetle as the case may be, biting it, catching it up in its four paws and rolling over with it like a kitten.

Like all of the cats,—except the lion,—the ichneumon has power to climb. It feeds upon young birds, lizards, mice, rats and reptiles. But its favorite dish is found in the nest of a crocodile. All those great, scaly creatures—crocodiles and alligators—find an enemy in this slender cat. The female crocodile leaves the cradle unattended; she lays her eggs in a hole in the sand and lets the warm rays of the sun do the incubating. The eggs are not so large but that an ichneumon can eat several at a meal. In that manner the little cat destroys thousands of eggs during the year.

In Rikki-tikki-tavi Mr. Rudyard Kipling tells of a fight between a great cobra and an East Indian species of ichneumon that never hesitates to attack a serpent. Sometimes it sits patiently for hours waiting for its prey to appear, then flings itself upon the victim, seizes it by the back of the head, and shakes it as a terrier does a rat. If the snake puts up a fight and attempts to strike its tormentor with its venomous fangs, the thick skin and stiff hair of the cat make a puncture almost impossible.

There is an aromatic shrub in those Eastern lands of which the ichneumon is very fond. It is amusing to watch it pull off the leaves and either eat them or, dropping them on the ground, roll over and over upon them, apparently enjoying the fragrance, as our domestic cat enjoys the fragrance of garden catnip. Some writers say that an ichneumon will not engage in battle with poisonous snakes unless one of these shrubs is near. It is certainly true that the little cat will call an armistice and hasten to the plant to partake of the leaves. Then, refreshed or revived, it returns to the attack.

But for its bad temper the inhabitants of Egypt would make household pets of the ichneumons. No native will kill them, but welcomes and protects them whenever the opportunity offers.

Volcanic Explosions

A jacky on an English destroyer about half a mile away happened to be standing by an open porthole watching the vessel when it took fire. At the instant the great explosion occurred—before the shock and the sound reached him—there was a vast blinding glare. Not knowing what it was, he turned to a companion to ask him to take a look, and at that moment the blast hit the destroyer and keeled it over, nearly bottom up. Small fragments of the wreckage came through the

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1922.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W 163rd Street, and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong's done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Note concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Resolutions

Resolutions unanimously adopted at the Eighth Triennial Convention of the Nebraska Association of the Deaf at Omaha last September:-

WHEREAS, A committee of the Board of Trustees of the Clarke School for the Deaf, Northampton, Mass., of which Hon. Calvin Coolidge is chairman, has given wide circulation to a statement claiming that the Clarke School is the mother of the oral method, that it has released the deaf from the use of the sign-language and manual alphabet, and that it bridged the gap between the stone-age and modern times as far as the education of the deaf is concerned; and,

WHEREAS, Such statements are not only false and misleading, but highly offensive and positively harmful to the deaf; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Association communicate to Hon. Calvin Coolidge and members of the Board of Trustees of the Clarke School its utter condemnation of both the manner and the method of its propaganda against the sign-language and manual alphabet, priceless boons to the deaf, and of the insulting comparison made between the status of the deaf of a generation ago and the stone age.

WHEREAS, A day school for the deaf, in which only the single oral method of instruction is permitted, has been established at Lincoln; and,

WHEREAS, Similar schools are authorized in other cities where five or more deaf children, of ages ranging four to twenty one years, may be enrolled; and,

WHEREAS, The use of the single oral method does not give the deaf child the best education it is capable of receiving; and,

WHEREAS, A day school for the deaf does not admit of proper grading, instruction and supervision; and,

WHEREAS, The State of Nebraska maintains a school for the deaf at Omaha; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the establishment of schools for the deaf in Nebraska is condemned as being unnecessary and detrimental to the best interests of the deaf children of the state.

Resolved, that this Association recommend to the National Association of the Deaf, at its next convention, a plan of affiliation whereby a member of this Association may, upon payment of a single membership fee, mutually satisfactory to both Associations, become a member of both Associations, a fixed percentage of the fee going to the National Association by virtue of the plan of affiliation agreed upon, and the remainder to the treasury of this Association.

WHO BECOME SUCCESSFUL LINOTYPISTS?

THE Colorado Index tells about two former print shop boys of the Colorado School for the Deaf who are engaged on newspapers as linotype operators. We hesitate to wager on a sure thing, but will take a chance. A perfectly good Palm Beach suit of clothes will be bet against a box of coal that neither of these boys learned to be a linotype operator by loafing around and waiting for a chance to practice on the machine. We know exactly how they acquired their proficiency, and it was the only way in which it is possible to become even a fair operator. It consisted in learning to be good hand compositors and practicing, practicing, practicing, practicing, at the case. No person—boy or man, deaf or hearing—can become proficient on the linotype—that is, proficient enough to hold a job in a

commercial print shop, who does not learn his division of words and get facility of punctuation and many other necessary preliminary qualifications through downright hard practice work. In newspaper offices a boy is required to work at the case and do other preparatory work for four years and six months before he is regarded fit to go on the machine. Then six months of practice is supposed to make a linotype operator of him, if he is apt and handy. We have boys in the print shop now who would before this have become good operators, if they had accepted the opportunities afforded in the shop. But they would not do the necessary practice work. And if they should remain in the shop until the cows come home and continue as they have during the past and ignore the primary essential of practice at hand typesetting, they never would become linotype operators who would be tolerated in a real print shop.—*Illinois Advance.*

Fox is Slyest of Wild Animals.

In the opinion of trappers the fox is the most cunning and resourceful of all the wild animals. He often fools the most expert trapper and the truest and fastest of dogs. Some trappers who are unsuccessful in catching many other fur-bearers state that they do not believe it possible to take Reynard in a steel trap.

This, of course, is not the case—in fact, he is as easy to catch in a steel trap as the mink, provided the trapper thoroughly understand his business. All that is necessary is a careful study of the animal's nature and habits, says the *New York Times*.

The fox lives on small game, birds, eggs, and poultry. He makes his den in sandy hillsides and in the female rears from three to seven puppies, which are born in the early spring. February is the season when Reynard goes wooing and he travels far and wide in search of sweetheart, faithful to none, for his love is more fleeting than the footprints he leaves in the drifting snow. The fox's sense of smell is highly developed, and by it he detects the danger of the trap.

The scent left by human hands and the scent left on the trap by other animals caught in its are quickly detected.

The next morning Reynard was waiting for me, a trap on each front foot. I would not have captured this fox had I not made this experimental set in the trail, and it only goes to show the value of observation to the experienced trapper.

A successful fox trapper must be a keen observer of details," writes C. A. Haines, a special game protector, in a recent bulletin of the State Conservation Bulletin, in describing different methods of hunting and trapping foxes. "He must realize that he is putting his wife against one of the most cunning of animals that roam the 'silent places' of the hills and valleys. Recently I made an experimental set which resulted in the taking of one of the oldest, largest and wisest foxes in this vicinity.

I noticed that the fox in question did not seem to take alarm at my trail over an old wood road, and as the snow was quite dry traveled by following in my tracks as far as he cared to go in my direction. That is the way of the fox—he is not blindly afraid of man, but trusts to his wits to keep him out of trouble. He knew that the trail was made by a man walking and he also knew that the danger lay not in the trail, but in the man himself.

"After I had traveled this old road several times, and had noticed Mr. Fox was in the habit of following me nearly every night, I picked out a bush that stood close by the trail, to serve as a mark for locating the trap, and here I set two jump traps in one of my own footprints, with a sheet of clean paper beneath the traps, another sheet on top, and an inch of snow lightly brushed over all. I fastened the chains to clogs buried in the snow at the side of the trail and went on about my business.

"Every sportman should realize that one of the worst enemies of wild life is the fox—cunning vicious, bloodthirsty—it kills for the love of killing. The warm blood of its victims is its fountain of youth. Every fox shot or caught in a trap means just so many more grouse, pheasants and rabbits—to say nothing about the value of the furs, fewer foxes, more sport, more game, more fun."

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Henemier, of Jersey City, N. J., (nee Annie E. Woolston) will celebrate their tenth wedding anniversary on November 28th. They were married by the late Rev. Dr. Chamberlain who was their guest at Thanksgiving dinner in 1912.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.

Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

Lectures, socials and other events according to local annual program and special announcements at services.

The deaf cordially invited.

CHICAGO.

News items for this column, and news subscriptions to the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL* will be received by R. V. Jones, 2147 Lyceum Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

"Break! Break! Break!"
The department-store bills I see
For the shaggs and rags of those banquet bags.

Have certainly broken me.

Everybody is busted!
Yet everybody is happy.

And say, sonny, wasn't it one grand, glorious, glimmering jamboree of a banquet, that of the 15th, celebrating the 21st anniversary of Chicago Division, No. 1 (which is almost the same as celebrating the 21st birthday of the Frat itself.) November 7, 1901. The 15th was as near as chairman Gibson could go this year, due to conflict of dates.

Ninth floor of the Auditorium hotel, one of the older "swell" hosteries fronting the lake on exclusive Michigan boulevard. In the same building as the Auditorium theatre, where Mary Garden sings grand opera. The hall was a fine one, with a fine layout; in fact everything was on a most creditable scale, considering.

There were a few, a very few, gentlemen in evening dress; but as to the ladies, Gaudiblesem, there was a regular raft of dazzling damsels in evening garb, an' everythin'. Treat for sore eyes. Banquet by banquet, bit by bit, Chicago silents are getting to dress and act more and more like cultured hearing folks.

The hall was full, just 210 sitting down to a pretty good feed, compared with what one generally gets for the money at such affairs.

The officers of No. 1 and most of the speakers sat at the long head-table. Aside from toastmaster-chairman Gibson, and guest-of-honor Pach, none of the grand officers sat in places of honor. It was No. 1's banquet and No. 1 was in its glory.

None of the speakers on the program knew they were to make addresses until they sat down and picked up the programs—typographical gems by David J. Padden, a Master Printer:

The program:

FRANCIS P. GIBSON, Toastmaster

The Star Spangled Banner

Mrs. Freida B. Meagher

President's Address—1922

Morton H. Henry

Dens Days Am Gone—Forever—1901

John P. Dahl

Old Knows

Alfred A. Bierlein

Past Presidents

John D. Sullivan

Excelsior

Alexander L. Pach

The N. P. S. D.

Mrs. Fannie B. Kemp

After a big brown buzzard with a black box had "shot" the gathering (see Gib for pictures and prices); and the vittles had been consigned to the cavernous depths where they properly belonged, the toastmaster opened by reading greetings from Grand President Anderson, from divisions in Milwaukee, Manhattan, Kenosha, Detroit, Cleveland, Hartford, and baby Peoria No. 90. Telegram from Max M. Lubin. Letter from old member—name Everett—over 1000 miles away. Letter from John Schorr. Last, but not least, a letter—a very fine letter—from THE 14 TORONTO FRATERS.

Gib then announced the marriage that day of John Schwartz and Mrs. Steinmetz. The hall wiggled and wagged its congrats. Also the wedding in St. Paul, four days before, of Tony Tanzar and Mrs. Sarah DeSmit. More waving of mouth-wipes and wagging of congratulatory hands. By now the assemblage was in that carnival mood when the blood surges with too profuse zest—when every little incident is absorbed with wide, wild eyes, "absorbed to be mulled-over and remembered in the long, dreary days of routine existence.

After John D. Sullivan had spoken on "Past Presidents," (John is a bitter political enemy of the writer, and sometimes I pray he chokes; but personally John is the finest, most upstanding, noblest, cleanest wild Irishman that ever came out of Cork.) After Johnnie had spoken, the great "Gib" remarked that No. 1, on attaining manhood, desired to show it was not forgetful of favors bestowed in its youth, whereon he presented each past president with a gold frat pin.

Gib thereon remarked that as Morton Henry is not yet a PAST president—and trusted he would not be for many years yet—he regretted he was ineligible for a pin.

But—but—but Bro. Himmelstein would like to say a few words. Himmelstein's words were few but timely, and when Henry opened the package he found a beautiful gold watch and chain, with date and all engraved thereon. Whereon the faithful were rewarded by seeing squirts of sad, salty, brine ooze from the honest orbs of Henry the helpmeet.

Pach, yclept "the photographer of presidents," by reason of his repute as the favorite photographer of the late Theodore Roosevelt, evinced he is not yet ready for the shelf, by unloading some witty and interesting anecdotes in the style which long ago made him famous. (Strange how the swarming younger generation show such colossal ignorance of the name, fame, deeds and exploits of such indefatigable and undefeated old campaigners as Veditz, Pach,

Fox, Hodgson, Dougherty, Smith, and the like.) It was a treat for introspective eyes, for those who remember, revere and hallow the good old days when we deaf had to fight for all the rights that present-day deaf consider as matter of course.

"Pach possesses the metropolitan knack of telling a funny story so as to bring out the high lights and accentuate the point—Pach can tell a joke what am a j-o-k-e," says Mrs. Meagher (junior partner of The Meaghers; who covered the affair for the firm.) And they do say Mrs. Meagher is a good judge of jokes—for they do say she married one.

Pach asked if Chicagoans habitually go to bed at ten, for so he wanted to cut short his address and not "gum up" the customs of this Indian frontier blockhouse.

The division presented him with a fountain pen.

(Personal note to reader: Our junior partner has gone to "cover" the big church bazaar, leaving the old man to make head or tail of her skeletonized notes and transcribe a readable report. Like all women, she scribbles all over the first piece of paper she lays paws on, and neglects to number them 1-2-3. Hence if there is anything amiss with this report, blame it on the female of the species, who is more lazy than the male.)

Alexander L. Pach, of New York—second grand vice-president of the frats—was guest of honor at the big anniversary banquet. Pach was en route home from a lecture tour embracing Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Olathe, Milwaukee, Chicago, Toledo, Detroit, Cleveland, and Akron. Tuesday night Horace Buell—a past grand trustee and one of the two silent playing golf with John D. Rockefeller at the 1913 Nad Convention—treated Pach, Gibson, and Kemp to one of those sumptuous dinners served only at King's. Following this the distinguished visitor and his coterie investigated several points of interest in Flickville—the Silent A. C., the Chicago office of the JOURNAL, and All Angels' Church. "Only thoroughfare in the world having two big buildings owned, operated, and managed exclusively by the deaf," Gibson told him proudly.

William and Mary 45 Gallaudet

Before a crowd of five or six thousand people, Gallaudet fought a hopeless but a game fight with the best eleven that has ever represented the college of William and Mary. The husky team from Williamsburg had little difficulty in running over the middle of our line for gain after gain. The Indians are coached by a former Navy star, and used the navy style of attack which our boys couldn't solve. At the kick off our boys got the jump on W. and M. by a long forward pass Benedict carried the ball seventy-five yards to within five yards of the goal. Here our boys lost the ball on downs, when Langenberg slipped and fell while attempting to slip off tackle.

This was our only chance to score. The failure at this seemed to dishearten our men, and during the remainder of the first half they played very listlessly. However, the last half saw much better performance on our part and the Indians scored only two touchdowns, being held time and again inches from the goal.

That popular politician' William Souder, stopped over on the 13th enroute to his home in Washington, D. C., from a visit to his mother in Davenport.

Mrs. Alice Hinch, now a beautiful, brilliant, and attractive lady, again graces Chicago's silent circles after an absence of two years, during which she lived with her mother, who ran a hotel in one of the provinces.

The other backs were not fast enough to keep up with Seipp and afforded little interference for him.

On the defense the whole team

dates ahead of the rest.

There is no need of being down-hearted over the result of this game, for few of former Gallaudet teams have met teams of the caliber that the Indians are this year. The fact that the government is giving free scholarships to former service men has a lot to do with the comparative strength of our various opponents these days

These men pulled in early Monday morning in time for classes.

This trip is a most memorable one for the players. The all-night voyage both ways on the big steamer "Southland" was very interesting.

The boat passes many historical places, which are both quaint and old. We were taken with the little town and the sincerity of the people there. A large crowd of people saw the game.

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These treats for us are due to Mrs. Neyhouse of Saint Paul, who is connected with the bureau of employment for the deaf in Minnesota.

Rev. A. D. Bryant, '80, lectured Sunday afternoon and its needless to say the students enjoyed it. The lecture was mostly reminiscences which are always dear to the heart of the students.

Mr. Hughes and

NEW YORK.

DETROIT.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DRAFT-MUTTS' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or postal or card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Mrs. Agnes McD. Brown tendered a surprise party to her daughter, at her apartment on Halsey Street, Brooklyn, Nov. 12, in honor of Miss Muriel's 11th birthday, which happened the day before, Armistice Day. With her dark raven bobbed hair, and big round tortoise-rimmed glasses, attired in a gown of salmon silk, Miss Muriel was a picture of a Princess in Wonderland, as she received the guests. A dainty repast was served, the table being a revelation in pink and white, and the juvenile guests having a great time around the festive board. Incidentally, Miss Muriel was reminded handsomely by her little friends, and Miss Katherine Doyle, a schoolmate at St. Joseph's Institute of her fond Ma, starred as the Lady Bonnifful. After the spread and until the hands of Father Time pointed to nine, the little ones sang, recited, danced and had a capital time egg-rolling.

Among others present were Master Donald Gabriel, Misses Marie Reddington, Gedelle Loew, Alice O'Neill, Cecilia Bachrach, Florence O'Neill, Marjorie Donovan, Loretta Lyons, and Messrs. and Mrs. Loew, Bachrach, Donovan, O'Brien and Reddington.

Dr. Thomas F. Fox will eulogize on the life and work of Charles Michel De l'Epee, along with Chairman of the N. A. D. Memorial Committee Samuel Frankenhein, and other prominent deaf at the Xavier De l'Epee Society celebration at K. C. Institute Brooklyn, November 25th. The occasion marks the 26th annual celebration of similar kind held under the Xavier Allied Branch's De l'Epee Society. The committee promises a rare evening's amusement. The proceeds will start the fund on the first hundred over the five thousand dollar mark, which Chairman Frankenhein says the Fund has reached.

On Saturday, December 9th, the Greater New York Branch of the National Association of the Deaf will have its annual banquet in commemoration of the 135th birthday anniversary of our great benefactor, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. The place selected this year is Gutfanti's, 274 Seventh Avenue, near 25th Street. Subscriptions are \$2.00 for member of the N. A. D. and \$2.50 for non-members. The seating capacity of the banquet hall being limited, and as a certain number must be guaranteed by December 5th, the committee urges all who wish to be present to see or write at once to the chairman, William Renner, 511 West 148th Street; or the treasurer, Charles Schatzkin, 34 Park Row, so that proper reservations can be made for them.

On November 29th, the Silent Athletic Club will throw open its doors to the general public, beginning at three P. M. and continue until midnight. A consignment of turkeys, chickens, and baskets of groceries, will be disposed of, and good advice to housewives intending making Thanksgiving purchases to call at the Silent Athletic Club, 308 Fulton Street, and look at the stock.

The beloved father of Mr. M. Ciavolino, who has been for many years an invalid, passed away peacefully on the beautiful sunny day of November 13th at eight o'clock. Death was due to the cancerous sores. He was buried in Holy Cross Cemetery, after a beautiful service at Church.

Miss Esther H. Spanton spent Sunday, November 19th, in Washington, visiting her friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hannan.

Chairman Matty Blake of the entertainment committee of Bronx Division N. F. S. D., wishes to announce that the next treat in store under the auspices of "No 92," is to be a Package Party and dance, on Saturday evening, December 16th.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Hines on the morning of November 1st, weighing seven and a half pounds. She will be named Agnes Margaret.

A nine pound baby boy has been brought to Mr. and Mrs. Morris Rubin, on Monday, November 20th, 1922. Mrs. Nettie Rubin and the baby are doing very well.

The date of the Del'Epee Celebration in Brooklyn, advertised for the 25th, should read "ON SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26TH" RATHER THAN SATURDAY, but on SUNDAY.

James M. Witbeck, of Schenectady, is retired on a pension by the General Electric Company. He has been a pattern maker for many years. He is now seventy-one years and five months old, and still mentally active but slightly lame from a bicycle accident a few years ago.

members where their next meeting will be held, Dec. 13
Nov. 10, 1922 E. M. E. B.

AKRON, O.

Mrs. F. A. Andrewjeski and daughters returned home from a two months' vacation to Nebraska. Mr. A. was with them for two weeks on the trip, and at Omaha, he gave a speech at the Nebraska Association of the Deaf, then in session. Mr. A. gives a very high compliment of the Western State, with its big red barns as the feature.

A large number of Goodyear Sielets took summer vacations to their various boyhood states, on two weeks' vacation allowances by the Goodyear Company, while many stayed over in Akron, to do numerous little jobs around their homes.

The Akron Advance Society of the Deaf, that theretofore had been inactive, established mainly for the benefit of the Ohio Home for the Aged and Infirm, sprung into activity recently, and with new aims has enrolled many new members. Its present spirited policies are to be on guard against the threatened law of barring the deaf from driving automobiles and try to help the Ohio State School for the Deaf get sufficient funds to improve its school standards.

At present, the teachers at the State School are not getting what salary they should, and as a consequence, many young and inexperienced teachers are hired in, when it is to the best interests of the Ohio Deaf to have old and experienced teachers.

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Mrs. Elsie Hughes is still confined to her bed with rheumatism.

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Everybody wishing to go to the Frat convention at St. Paul, 1924, should join the local Savings Club at once, as no new members will be received after next February. See Ben Beaver or John Hellers for particulars. There are at present about fifty members. Aside from the advantages and attractions of the convention itself, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth are worth the price of the railroad fare; and with J. C. Howard and J. J. McNeil in charge, all stay-at-homes will miss the trip of a lifetime.

Come, join us.

Another convention in 1924 will be held at the Belleville, Out., School for the Deaf. Old buildings have been torn down and have been and are being replaced with fine new ones, which will make it one of the most beautiful, best equipped and most up-to-date schools for the deaf in the world. It faces the Bay of Quinte. If there are enough people to warrant it, a special car will be chartered to convey the Detroiters and Windsorites. A savings club for this convention has also been organized.

The D. A. D. has at last secured club rooms at 336 Michigan Ave., second floor, and next to Summerfield and Hecht's. Members are enthusiastic over their find, some considering it the best hall they have had. They will take possession at once, and an opening reception will be held Nov. 18, under the efficient chairmanship of Wm. Behrendt. All the deaf of Detroit are invited. The first regular meeting will be held Dec. 8. Notice will be sent to auxiliary

Know your business and mind it.

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ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 99 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

November 18th, 1922—The Columbus Advance Society held its November meeting on the evening of November 14th, with fifteen members present. The minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

The treasurer, Mr. A. W. Ohlemaier, reported the amount in the treasury of the two funds—Home Fund \$318.55, Society Fund, \$153.24, or a total of \$471.79.

A vote of thanks was tendered these ladies for assistance rendered at an entertainment, they having been overlooked at a previous meeting, when others were complimented: Mesdames Simon Kingry, Wm. Friend, Gorge Black, Harlan Davis and Reuben Bice.

Mr. Wark asked for a change of time in holding meetings. He suggested they be held on Friday instead of Tuesday evenings, but the matter was voted down.

Messrs. Beckert and Huffman were chosen a committee to audit the treasures accounts for the past year.

Mr. Beckert reviewed recent current events, while Messrs. Zoru Greener and Winemiller gave short talks.

Next meeting will be held December 5th.

The death, last Saturday, of Mrs. Clurisa Pentecost Eagleton, wife of Rev. W. S. Eagleton, came as a surprise and caused genuine sorrow among those who knew her Rev. Mr. Eagleton was superintendent of the school in 1894-95 being succeeded by the present superintendent, Mr. J. W. Jones. It was in this way Mrs. Eagleton became known to the deaf, and while connected with the school she took great interest in the children, acting as a mother to them.

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A. B. G.

Michael McLaughlin, who was employed as a locomotive cleaner in the Boston and Albany roundhouse at Russell for many years, died in the poor house, at the age of 87 years, last December.

PORLTAND, OREGON.

Mr. S. H. Easterbrook, a deaf cook, has secured a good job in North Portland at a local restaurant. He is considered a first-class cook, and is a member of the Portland Frats.

Mr. Wm. Seaman has a new job as janitor at the Imperial Apartment, and says he will stick this time till he is rich enough to get married.

Mrs. W. Theirman, with her son, William, called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Hastings on Election night, November 7th, to give William a chance to hear some Election returns by Paul Hastings' Radio set.

The S. F. L. Club will give a Thanksgiving dinner on Saturday evening, November 25th, for the members and their husbands.

Portland felt their first chilly day on Sunday, November 5th, but next day it got warmer. The people are gathering their last roses of the season in Rose City, meaning Portland Ore.

Mr. Dana Acuff and Mr. Courtland Greenwell rented an auto and took their escorts out the Columbia Highway, one Sunday, and nearly met with a bad accident while rounding a sharp curve, but luckily came out without any damage done. The car was driven by Mr. Acuff.

Mrs. Gerde with a few lady friends motored out to Oswego, Ore., to visit Mr. and Mrs. George Fromm, but found they were out, so drove over to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fleming's, a mile further out, where they spent a few hours chatting, after which they returned to Portland. Mrs. Gerde has a fine big Paige car and is an expert driver.

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The Fur Farms of Alaska

There are perhaps ten or twelve fox farms in Alaska, says Mr. Frank G. Carpenter. One of them, situated in the Tanana Valley, a mile and a half from Fairbanks, consists of ten acres of cleared land, the greater part of which is covered with pens in which the animals live. From a distance the fox farm looks like a huge chicken yard with walls of woven wire and hencoops of various sizes inside. Each pen is fifty feet long, eight feet wide and about ten feet high.

The wire is of tough steel and is sunk about four feet in the ground, and is then bent so that it runs inward under the ground for about two feet to prevent the foxes from digging out. At the top the wire has an overhang of two feet to prevent the captives from climbing over. Each pen has a kennel made of boards like a dog kennel, the entrance to which is a chute or a wooden pipe a foot square.

Only one pair of foxes live in each pen. They are very timid and have to be handled carefully; most of the fox farmers will not allow strangers to enter their property for fear they will frighten the animals.

Some foxes, however, become so tame that strangers can handle them. The fox-babies are the size of kittens, and have long, bushy tails, little, sharp noses, and eyes that sparkle like jet. One litter of foxes was being mothered by a cat.

There were three of the babies, each of which, when grown, will be worth from five hundred dollars to one thousand dollars. Their mother was so nervous that the farmer feared she might kill her young; and so he had taken them away from her and given them to the cat in place of her kittens. The cat had adopted them and was playing with them as if they were really her own.

For such emergencies it is necessary to have cats about a fox farm. Because he would not pay a high price for a cat, one man in eastern Canada lost five little foxes that might have been worth a small fortune. The fox mother had died, and the owner of the only cat in the vicinity refused to sell her for less than five hundred dollars. The unreasonable price angered the fox farmer, and he refused to pay it.

The foxes are fed with salmon, moose meat, horse meat, rabbits, carrots and turnips. A common feed is rice and rabbits cooked together in a stew. One farm feeds sixteen rabbits and fifteen pounds of rice a day to forty-two foxes. The stew is fed cold morning and evening. The foxes come out of their kennels, seize the food, carry it inside with them, and afterwards return for more.

The land, kennels and machinery of the farm near Fairbanks cost eighteen thousand dollars, and the breeding animals, thirty-seven thousand dollars. There are altogether about two hundred animals—foxes, martens and others—and only two men are needed to care for them.

A Little History of Flying

Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier made the first balloon, which rose 1500 feet at Annonay, France, in June, 1783. A balloon at Versailles carried the first aerial passenger, a sheep, a cock, and a duck—in September, 1783.

The first human passengers went up in a free balloon above the Seine at Paris in November, 1783.

The first British balloon ascent was made at Edinburgh by Mr. J. Tyler, in August, 1784.

The first use of a balloon in war was at the battle of Fleurus, between France and Austria, in 1794.

The first successful attempt to steer a balloon was made in Paris by Tissandier with a screw propeller, 1883.

The rigid airship was originated by David Schwartz and tested in Berlin in 1897.

The first flight in a heavier-than-air machine was made by Ader, a French engineer, at Staor, France, in 1897.

Zeppelin tested his first airship with two 61 h.p. motors and a speed of 18 miles an hour, in 1900.

The Brazilian, Santos Dumont, sailed round the Eiffel Tower in Paris in an airship with a 16 h.p. engine in 1901.

Orville Wright flew for 59 seconds in a machine with a petrol engine at Dayton, Ohio, in 1909.

The first aeroplane passenger flew with Henri Farman, at Ghent, in 1908.

The French aviator Bleriot flew across the English Channel in little more than a half an hour in 1909.

The first use of an aeroplane in war was by Italy in Tripoli, for bombing purposes, in 1920.

The first flight across the Atlantic was made in an American seaplane, with one stop at the Azores, in May, 1919.

The first non-stop flight across the Atlantic was made by two officers in a British aeroplane in 16 hours, in June, 1919.

Somewhere in the short-cut to fortune, there is nearly always an unsafe bridge.

Caruso was his mother's nineteenth child.

The New Silver Dollar

The new silver dollar is being distributed. It is just as hard to get as the old ones and much harder to hold onto. It doesn't accomplish as much as the old silver dollar did six or seven years ago, but is a pretty thing to have around the house.

The design is very artistic, if you are laboring for art instead of money, but the eagle seems strange. He has his wings clamped down tightly and he is a sorrowful, repentant, disappointed, abagrained bird. He huddles on his pile of sticks, apparently moaning over the follies of a misspent life. He has no spuz, no pep, no kick.

Critics say the eagle's bill is too large and is out of proportion, but this criticism will not be taken seriously, for most bills are too large these days and we have become quite accustomed to them.

The Goddess of Liberty on the obverse side of the coin is a pretty young flapper with an interesting pout, whose back hair needs attention. The new Goddess is easy to look at and is quite ornamental, but she lacks the old Goddess' look of grim determination and fearless initiative. The new Goddess is a clinging vine, a sort of branch of promise type, an exotic boho creation. The old girl was an Amazon, who would not take any back talk from anybody.

Under the eagle is the motto, "Peace." The eagle himself is as peaceful and as dismal looking as a modern husband, but the word "Peace" is out of place on a dollar.

A dollar in America knows no peace from the day it is minted until it goes back into the melting pot. It is chased to death and had no rest.

The new design does not suit everybody, but that makes no difference. No man can keep a silver dollar long enough to examine its design closely, and most don't know whether the eagle is a bird, a turkey or an English sparrow.—Two Bits.

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ABBE DE L'EPEE

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NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES' SOCIETY, Inc.
MASQUERADE BALL
SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 24, 1923

[Particulars Later.]

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR THE
HEBREW ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF
Saturday Evening, January 20, 1923

HELLO! EVERYBODY
SPACE RESERVED FOR
JERSEY CITY DIVISION, NO. 91, N. F. S. D.
ST PATRICK'S NIGHT
MARCH 17, 1923

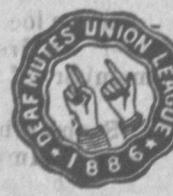
(Particulars Later.)

Immediate reservations for Seats advised. May be made through members of the Xavier Ephpheta Society, by mail (accompanied with check), or PHONE CHELSEA 7453.

Direction Executive Committee

Mrs. HARRY LEIBSON,
Chairman.

Thanksgiving Party



Deaf-Mutes' Union League

AT THEIR ROOMS

143 WEST 125TH STREET

Wednesday Evening, Nov. 29th.
at 8 o'clock.

Admission 10 Cents

M. Monseesser, Samuel Lowenthal, Louis Uhlberg, Committee.

This space reserved for

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MEN'S CLUB

OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH

Saturday, February 10th, 1923



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When the Seals come, buy them.



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Saturday Evening, Nov. 25, 1922

ADMISSION, 55 CENTS

BASKET BALL and DANCE

AUSPICES OF THE

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Thanksgiving Eve,

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Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is the social, recreative and intellectual advancement of its members. State meetings are held on the second Thursday of every month at 8:30 P.M. Members are present for a social reception Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. Anthony Capone, President; S. Lowenthal, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

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